

It Was the Finishing Touch That Set Her Off.

Written By A. L. B.

Milly Lynde was at Donald Dittos at the noon hour waiting as usual for Donald to finish dressing to go to the matinee. Though their dispositions were entirely different the times they spent together were most enjoyable to each of them.

Milly Lynde said she could not remember a time that Donald was in perfect readiness to go to a place when she came by for her, but this was not true, and Donald was always compelled to wait many minutes after the time they had planned to start for Milly to fix her belt, or to pull her shirt waist down.

But Milly did not think of this, for she was overwhelmed with impatience and could not resist asking Donald complainingly why she took so much pains in fixing the finishing touches on her dress. Donald heaved a little sigh and pretended she had not heard Milly for she was tired of this question Milly had asked her so often.

So Donald did not reply at once. She was thinking what a hard effort she was always making to look well—not pretty for that was an impossibility for Donald—just for the sake of the family.

"Did you hear what set Elodia McClure off?" she said at last, "and have you seen the account of her wedding?"

"No, I haven't," replied Milly, with a grateful smile, forgetting that her question had not been answered. "Do tell me all about it. I have not heard a word about Elodia for ages. She is such a pretty and charmingly sweet girl," she continued.

"Milly, when we three together were at college, do you remember what peculiar ideas Elodia had about styles, and that she would wear at all times one certain color the whole season?" "And oh, her ambition and determination is the secret of her success," Donald said happily.

"Yes, I remember that; she was so original too, and I will never forget her hand-writing. It is just marvelous." Do tell me about her marriage," Milly repeated, pleadingly.

"It is a real romance," Donald said with tone corresponding to the look in her violet eyes. "I could never tell you because there is just oceans to it. Accounts of the wedding have been in all the eastern journals. I have one of the articles which was clipped from a Boston newspaper that you may read."

She went absently to a large roll-top desk, which Milly would have thought belonged to the men in the household had there not been upon it odds and ends that stamped it a woman's possession. It was not long before Donald found a long white envelope that contained the newspaper clipping because she was a girl who put everything in its right place—though not so right that a hunt for such things would fail to be interesting.

When Milly took the clipping she gasped in a relieved way, and fell over on the large, myrtle leather davenport by the desk, and began to read the article which read:

A very entertaining and romantic story is told of how the success of a small ladies tailoring establishment was achieved in Paris, says the New York Blade.

The downtown firm of LaHeist & LaFayette Co. was at the point of going under, and it was until just before the opening of the winter season that the manager, Deschamps DeBond, who had for eight years pulled the Company through fairly well against the up-town competition, felt like giving up his job.

It was Saturday afternoon, "nothing" was doing at the house, many employees were off duty when several members of the firm assembled in the manager's office to discuss the situation of the Company. DeBond said more about his discouragement than he intended, and seemed to be always on the point of saying things he would rather have left unsaid. The office was hot and stuffy; every one seemed to be nervously tired, so another time was set to meet again at an early date. Luckett, the advertising manager of the firm remained in the office with DeBond. He had been with the Company only a short while; but he and DeBond had become well acquainted, and were always helping one another over hard places. Luckett was an acute observer—he learned at once that DeBond needed and wanted new ideas to boom the trade in the ap-

proaching season,—so he suggested to him that the house run a color scheme. The scheme he had planned himself, which was to have one color to predominate in the goods and dress novelties, of the new styles. DeBond liked the idea, he was very grateful to Luckett for the suggestion; he became encouraged, and before another period of twenty-four hours had passed they had made plans to start the color scheme.

For the scheme to be a success it was necessary that the best known milliners and dress-makers of the city introduce it, and this they agreed to do. Arrangements and contracts were made with them without any difficulty. Therefore every step was taken to get the goods of the correct color (which was decided by Luckett to be yellow) on the market before the secret of the scheme reached the up-town competitors. It was not long after the color scheme had been made known to the retail houses that all the most fashionable women in Paris were wearing a touch of yellow about their costumes.

"Yellow is the color," was the echo from the dry-goods shops. The idea had "caught on." The milliners and dress-makers had pushed the color scheme so wonderfully that it was amazing to DeBond how the profits of the firm had risen in so short a time. At the down-town house the word assignment had been "cut out," and the word success had taken its place. Credit, praises, and increase of salary all were being given to DeBond, and he was rapidly gaining greater influence among his co-laborers as he had led them to believe that he was the creator of the color scheme.

Luckett was personally unknown to all the members of the firm except DeBond, and was naturally in an opposite position to that of his friend. Late in the afternoon at the beginning of a new month which promised to be a most profitable one, Luckett found in DeBond's office—the place where everybody at the house usually "dropped in"—the president, the vice president and several others of the Company, the ones he wanted to know. The gathering of the "fellows" developed into an impromptu business meeting as well as a very pleasant social affair. Many discussions of a business nature occurred, and the success of the color scheme was the topic of the harmonious conversation. DeBond was thinking as he had never thought before. "If it were not for my blamed conscience I now could make a 'hit' among the fellows," he said to himself as he thought of the impression that was out,—but Luckett did the right thing—he helped me—why surely I have grit enough to do the same," he added. In the midst of the clamor of their excited voices DeBond rose proudly from his big office chair, and told them truthfully in a few words of the originator of the color scheme. All eyes were turned in amazement to the advertising manager, who seemed not to understand. DeBond hesitated then went on trying to tell the creation of the scheme. As he ended Luckett said, "The color scheme has a history; let me tell it to you." Luckett flushed with resentment at what he had said, and while taking a newspaper from his pocket he pulled himself together to say, "Really there is nothing for me to tell, as the representative in this city for the New York Blade has given a good narration of it in his article which appeared in this issue. I have received." Luckett gave the paper to DeBond to read the article that had the big head lines. DeBond looked at him in astonishment. "The idea of the color scheme being written up in a New York journal," he said in a surprised tone.

"That is interesting—read it aloud," some one requested emphatically. DeBond looked over the headlines, and began to read the following: Paris, Nov. 20.—Miss Elodia Christy McClure, daughter of United States Senator McClure, of Virginia is one of the principals in a pretty romance which will have its culmination in a wedding in February. Miss McClure is a most beautiful American, and has been in this city nearly two years studying art.

The romance which has just ended in the announcement of her engagement to Mr. James Clary Luckett, son of the president of a well known college in New York city, is the culmination of a friendship which was begun little over a year ago when they met at a dinner table in the dining room of one of the most fashionable hotels in Paris.

A few hours previous to the dinner Mr. Luckett was in the office of the hotel looking over the register. Among the names of the Americans was the name—the same one was written in the identical hand-writing as that which had been written on the small piece of paper, he had been carrying in his memorandum book for three years.

Mr. Luckett could hardly have told why he had kept the piece of paper. He certainly would not had the chirography been less entertaining and original, and the name less beautiful. He was thinking of the singular experience he had enjoyed with the name—Elodia Christy McClure—and was in the mood to adventure wherever that chance would permit. He was on his way to a florist to have some roses sent to Elodia Christy McClure when he saw the girl he had seen day after day for eighteen months; though he had not yet learned her name or her identity. To him she was the most distinguished and well-bred looking girl he had ever seen in Paris. This girl, said Mr. Luckett, always had something yellow about her dress that gave it a distinctive touch and a new charm. Mr. Luckett seeing so often the fresh effect of the color is what developed his idea for the color scheme, that was run last year in the styles of the ladies tailoring establishment, LaHeist & LaFayette Co., of this city.

When the florist asked Mr. Luckett what color of roses he preferred he told him yellow for he had learned to like

the color immensely.

Mr. Luckett was at the American dining, and was looking over the menu when an elderly lady and gentleman, and the girl who was the secret of his success, took seats at the table where he was dining. The gentle beauty of the girl had never been so marked as it was on this occasion. She was stylishly gowned in a crepe de chine shirt-waist suit which was all white save the monogram that was embroidered in yellow on the left side of the front piece of the dress bodice. He fairly glowed with happiness when he saw that the monogram was composed of the letters E. C. McC., which were interwoven most artistically. "Elodia Christy McClure," thought Mr. Luckett. "The girl for whom I have been looking three years—I have found her—she is the girl that was the keynote to my color scheme—and the girl I am very near to loving." To Mr. Luckett it seemed perfect happiness at the limit of imagination. He felt that this incident was a stepping-stone to something else—he felt that he would know more of her personality than he had learned by the indications of her hand-writing. He saw that there had been placed on the floor near her a long narrow box, and on it was the address Elodia Christy McClure, The American, City.

"Flowers," he thought, "I wonder if these are the roses that I ordered sent to her?" He planned a romance as he dined.

At last she had the box opened. The roses were yellow. "An ideal dream," she said as she looked at them. "Wonder who knows my taste so well?" she casually inquired. Mr. Luckett handed her his card in answer to her question. She looked at it mysteriously before she spoke, and with carefulness that indicated embarrassment. "Why are you the Mr. Luckett—the short-story editor of the New York Blade—the one I heard everybody talking about when I was in New York city attending school," she said in a tone of frank admiration.

Mr. Luckett shrugged his shoulders. "Yes—I am J. Clary Luckett—three years ago I was the Blade's literary editor, and while on the staff I handled an unusually fascinating story written by Elodia Christy McClure."

"My name is McClure—Elodia Christy," she interrupted. "That story was my first and last one, and it was about the efforts I made to write a novelette; was it not?"

"Yes, and I have the signature of the manuscript," said Mr. Luckett as he gave her the slip of paper which was her signature that he had in his memorandum book.

"How strange," said Miss McClure as she handed the piece of paper to her aunt. "It is my signature of the manuscript of that I wrote 'ages' ago," she explained. "You remember, auntie, when Mary Luckett and I bought our rings with our story money." She showed them the ring which she had on the third finger of her right hand. Mr. Luckett was glad to see that she wore no other ring.

"Mary Luckett! She is my cousin," Mr. Luckett began; and they had a pleasant little chat about Mary, who Elodia had not seen since their departure from New York city.

Miss McClure's relatives and Mr. Luckett were made acquainted immediately, and he related to them his whole experience from the time that he read Miss McClure's manuscript to the present occasion.

When Mr. Luckett ended the strange gentleman who was at the table near them handed a card to him, and made a "dead rush" for the hotel lobby. In the center of the card was the name, John K. Hodge, in the left hand corner was the following: Paris Representative of the New York Blade.

"That reporter got that romance straight and easy," said DeBond, laughing.

Mr. Luckett is now manager of the LaHeist & LaFayette Co. The firm is growing rapidly, and branch houses are being established throughout France under the management of Mr. Luckett.

The Luckett-McClure wedding took place March 20 at the home of the bride's parents in Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Luckett have been at home in Paris since May 24.

After a pause of silence Donald said, "It was the finishing touch that set her off. It proves that the first impression that a woman makes is made by her appearance. It is the little finishing touches that count in the make-up of a woman's dress—such as a novel and fetching collar," she continued. "Simplicity and effect are the pass-words to a good impression that a woman naturally wants to make Milly." The clock indicated ten minutes to four, and it was too late to go to the matinee; so Milly got her hat to go home.

Donald kissed her goodbye and said, "The girl must look the part she plays," and must come up to her looks too.

"I know why Donald takes so many pains in fixing the finishing touches on her dresses," thought Milly.

"It was the finishing touch that set Elodia off," Milly said to her self, and the words rang very true.

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THAT Love sometimes cures disease is a fact that has recently been called to the attention of the public by a prominent physician and college professor. In some nervous diseases of women, such as hysteria, this physician gives instances where women were put in a pleasant frame of mind, were made happy by falling in love, and in consequence were cured of their nervous troubles—the weak, nervous system toned and stimulated by little Dr. Cupid—became strong and vigorous, almost without their knowledge. Love is not, however, the cure for all women. Many a woman is nervous and irritable, feels dragged down and worn out for no reason that she can think of. She may be ever so much in love, but Dr. Cupid fails to cure her. In such cases the body is not sound—the nervousness and other symptoms are telegraphed all over the body by the nerves (which is the telegraphic system of the human body) because the weak spot demands attention. In ninety-nine per cent. of these cases it is the womanly organism which requires attention; the weak back, dizzy spells and

black circles about the eyes, are only symptoms. Go to the source of the trouble and correct the irregularities, the drains on the womanly system and the other symptoms disappear. This can be done easily and intelligently. So sure of it is the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that they offer

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Mrs. Martha D. Bruce, of Rochester, Wash., writes: "I will enclose the amount of stamps in payment for your valuable book 'The Medical Adviser.' I prize it above books; I would not be without one. I also prize your medicines very highly for the good I have received. I am sure the 'Favorite Prescription' carried me through a critical period when I do not think a doctor could have saved me. I have recommended it to other sufferers far and near. I am so glad for such blessings as your medicines, and hope you may live long and enjoy the blessings of your labors and the sunshine of God's love. "If my testimony is any good to you, you are welcome to use it."

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CASTORIA.

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Matt. P. Payne, Republican candidate for Representative, and W. S. Ball, Republican candidate for circuit court clerk, were in the city Thursday to hear Judge Kinkead and push their canvass.

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